

R. E. Hodgson



**CHRISTMAS NUMBER**

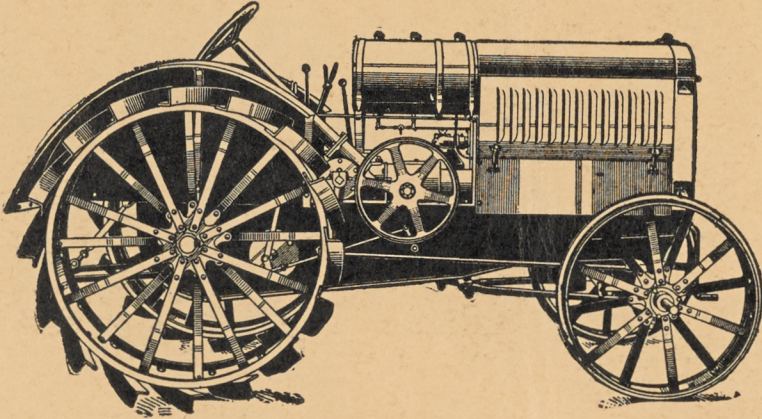
Vol. XVI.

Winnipeg, December, 1922

No. 2



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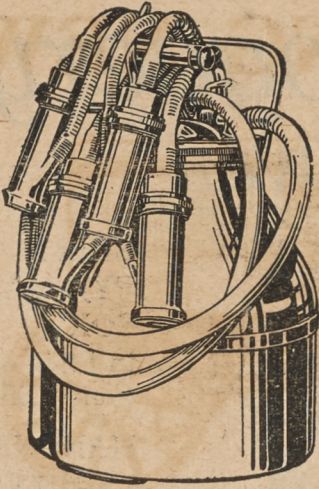
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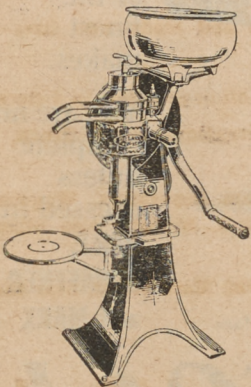


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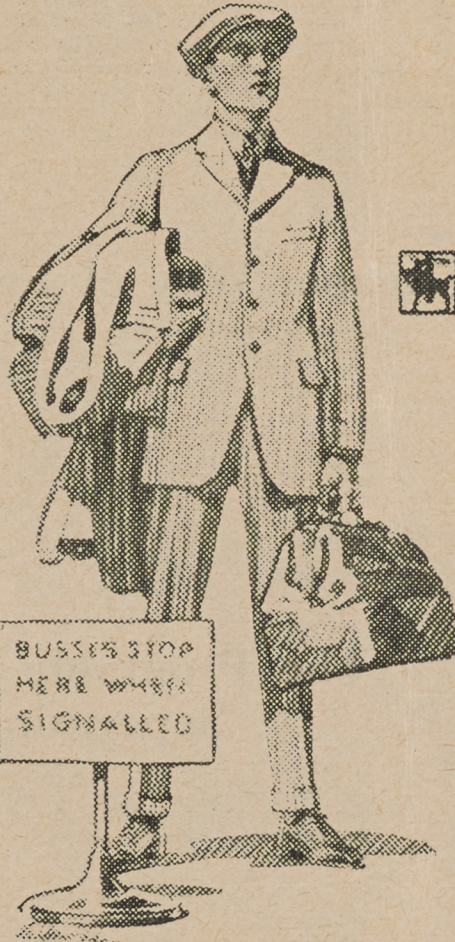
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# Christmas

By Alfred Noyes



CHRISTMAS, and peace on earth; an Eastern tale  
Of shepherds and a star; —  
Can these things, in a mocking age, avail  
A world grown old in war?

Since Galileo opened up a night  
Too deep for hope to scan,  
The starry heavens no longer wheel their light  
To serve the need of man.

There are no wings in that unfathomed gloom,  
Where now our eyes behold,  
World without end, and orderly as doom,  
The mist of suns unfold.

Yet, to fulfill, not to destroy the law,  
The modern mages rose;  
And, round the deeper centre that they saw,  
A vaster cosmos flows.

Oh, for a Galileo of the mind  
To pierce this inner night;  
And, deeper than our deepest dreams, to find  
The light beyond our light;

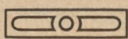
Where angels sing, though not to the fleshy ear,  
As over Bethlehem's Inn.  
Turn to thine own deep soul, if thou wouldst hear;  
The Kingdom is within.

Eternal Lord, in whom we live and move;  
Whose face we cannot see;  
Soul of the Universe, whose names are Love,  
And Law, and Liberty;

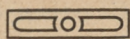
Confirm our peace! There is no peace on earth,  
No song in our dark skies.  
Only in souls the Christ is brought to birth,  
And there he lives and dies.







# MANAGRA



## THE CHRISTMAS OF GUNNER JENKINS

Late in December, 1917, the Vimy road was thronged with soldiery. The sight was no unusual one to Gunner Alfred Jenkins, toiling with his full kit over the cobbled way, which wound through the valley, past the ruined church—all that was left to mark the place where once flourished the little hamlet of Ablain St. Nazaire—and from thence to a cluster of Nissen huts nestling in the shadow of Vimy Ridge. Here was depicted all the hideousness of war, with none of its vaunted glory. The crumbling masonry, the cheerless landscape with its shell-torn hills and the shattered trees that lined the roadside, all lent an air of sombre desolation to this colorless region, and reflected the bitter irony of the “fruits” of victory. The depressing influence of these surroundings together with the purpose that had moulded them, bore heavily on the soldier’s mind and it is not to be wondered that on Christmas eve Gunner Alfred Jenkins should be, in army parlance, most thoroughly “fed up.”

Endless days, stretching into years, had almost obliterated thoughts of a friendlier environment from his memory. Within his range of vision for a seeming eternity, had been these khaki clad men, and his ears had grown accustomed to the thundering of guns. An additional burden had been placed upon him that very morning, dwarfing all other misfortunes. An apparent mistake whilst on guard had been followed by his relegation to the horse lines by an intolerant superior. Over and over in his mind ran the incidents of the preceding night; he was prepared to stake his soul that he had seen the S.O.S. signal of distress go up which had given him his cue to fire the alarm gun. Evidence from the trenches, however, was all to the contrary and the Major, with characteristic brevity had pronounced him unfit to hold longer the proud position of “gun layer” and had banished him to the horse lines forthwith.

To Gunner Alfred Jenkins there was a whole world of difference between grooming a horse and polishing a gun. He hated horses with all a gunner’s intensity and his resentment against fate had almost reached the breaking point when he pondered on its many turns against him. To add to his woes, was the thought that on the morrow they were to have a wonderful Christmas dinner at the guns, with a real turkey as the nucleus, and around which their scanty franes had piled up no inconsiderable amount of other dainties.

The bugler was just blowing the “stables” call and the horses under the improvised roof were augmenting the braying of the rackety ‘mokes’ with their less discordant whinnies, as Gunner Alfred Jenkins reached the battery horse lines. The many turns of ill-luck that had followed him so persistently during the week again combined against him. Hardly had he set foot within the precincts of the —th’s territory than the eagle-eyed sergeant-major perceived him and with an apparent unholy joy ordered him to turn in and assist with the grooming.

The team to which he was assigned was in his own “sub” and fortunately were horses and not mules—“mokes” were an even greater aversion to him.



His odious duties had commenced. To Jenkins, grooming horses in the army was certainly not to be compared with any other job on earth. He had once worked on farms and used to love horses, but they were farm horses, an altogether different species than the gaunt creatures he was now so laboriously scrubbing with comb and brush. Farm horses were fastidious, dainty animals, with sleek sides and very few bones, whilst these were nothing but bones; they had carnivorous tendencies and positively ate their own blankets.

"How could anyone like a horse!" he exclaimed, giving one a vicious dig in the ribs, "I'm going to volunteer for duty up the line every night, I'll take my chances on getting killed, I'll die on this job anyway."

At that very moment his attention was attracted to the gun teams, which were tied at the end of the sub-section. Their drivers had saddled up and were putting on the harness. Here was something interesting. Gun teams rarely went up the line unless to move the guns. Could it be possible that they were going to move his gun? Accosting his sub-section N.C.O. he made his offer. To Sergeant Code an offer of this nature was so unexpected that he had some difficulty in reconciling the discouraged face before him, with the proffer of voluntary service.

"I suppose you can go if you want to," he grunted finally, "but if you are crazy enough for that, no wonder they don't require your services at the guns. Go and get your supper."

His evening ration, consisting of tea, a single slice of bread, and an infinitesimal portion of jam and cheese, was hurriedly consumed. He was soon engaged in hitching his unwilling horses to the gun limber. His mind was filled with conjectures as to the probable meaning of this move. A very mystifying fact was that, apart from the usual number of vehicles which made their nightly trip up the line, the conveyance to which he and his two companion drivers were assigned, was the only one to go up the line that night. The order to walk march, however, soon disturbed these thoughts and he dismissed them with a true soldierly indifference. Being of a sociable turn, when fortune favored him, Jenkins attempted to converse with his two companions, but their non-committal answers, and the difficulty of hearing amid the bustling traffic soon discouraged him. Contenting himself with a cigarette he endeavored to find amusement by watching the passers-by on the road. This diversion, however, soon lost its interest for him, and the cold condition of the weather opposing all thoughts of comfort on such a trip, he was led to brood again on his misfortunes, which were accentuated by the appalling scenes of desolation surrounding him.

After two hour's hard driving they entered the outskirts of Lieven, once a prosperous city, now in utter ruins. Huge piles of debris and naked skeletons of steel and wood in conglomerate masses of confusion bore testimony to the awful power of war. At intervals could be heard the roar of guns which sent forth their missiles of destruction from unseen places. Once an answering burst of flame with its attendant crash of masonry, bespoke the presence of a watchful enemy and reflected a transitory flash of apprehension in the faces of the two drivers. To gunner Alfred Jenkins this was not an unusual sound, for had he not fought many such a duel in days gone by. This was almost home to him and just around the corner his own gun was concealed—but no, there at the corner was his gun and standing by were two gunners and the new gun layer—Jenkins would not admit to



himself that this man was entitled to the name of "gunner" yet—also the Major himself, mounted on a restless little bay mare.

During the "limbering up" Jenkins had an opportunity to examine with critical eye, the handiwork of his successor, but under the surveillance of the Major he was unable to give vent to his feelings. The result of his scrutiny, however, was manifested in a look of supreme disgust; and the outcome of such loose methods, he reflected, could only end with disastrous results to the Allies.

Night had descended upon them when the order to march was given. Absolute blackness lay ahead of them, and Jenkins had difficulty in seeing beyond his horses' ears. Never had he experienced such a feeling of loneliness, and yet almost within sound of his voice, he knew, there were hundreds of men. The rumble of wheels and the booming of guns bore testimony to this. A midnight ride under such conditions would not appear to invite a feeling of loneliness, for the mind is filled with terrifying pictures and every new sound startles the listener, until assured that in no way does it resemble the hum of hostile plane or the rush of oncoming shell. Jenkins felt very insignificant in the midst of so much clamor and he reflected bitterly that if disaster should overtake him no one would care a great deal. Perhaps in far-off Canada, mother would shed tears for him, but Canada was so far away and home ties had lost some of their strength in the last long sordid years.

From their battery to the front line, Jenkins knew, was exactly four thousand yards. Taking into consideration the distance they had travelled and the number of reserve trenches they had crossed, he was sure the line was not far off. He was upheld in this belief by the intermittent rattle of machine guns and the continued recurrence of Very lights and rockets which lightened the sky ahead of them. On and on they went until out of the darkness ahead came the order, "Halt and unlimber." During this procedure, Jenkins had the good fortune to hear the Major and Sergeant Code conversing in low tones. It was plain that they had attempted this hazardous undertaking for the purpose of silencing a certain gun that had been bothering them all winter. Gunner Alfred Jenkins knew it well and he had assumed that said gun was protected by a hill, behind which their shells were unable to drop effectively. His interest was instantly excited and for the moment he forgot that someone else had supplanted him and that he must retire some distance to the rear with the horses.

At this juncture, as if to punish the intrepidity of the men, war burst upon them with all its fury. The air became alive with rushing shells which burst around them and in their very midst. The atmosphere which had been pervaded with a sickly calm was now rent by a tremendous uproar. Black darkness and vivid light, plunging horses and groaning men, smoke and dust and vicious explosions turned night into a veritable chaos. The new driver, abandoning his horses, crouched low in a friendly shell-hole and gave himself up for lost. To escape alive from such a death-trap appeared impossible. Carefully he moved each joint to assure himself that he still existed entire. His right leg was numb with so much riding but otherwise he was quite all right. The blood on his hand, no doubt, was from the horses. As suddenly as it had begun the firing ceased, with only the angry mutterings of the big guns to remind him that a disturbance had roused them. Silence again descended over the plain. Jenkins crawled cautiously to the limber and began



searching for his brother soldiers. He was soon rewarded. The two drivers, Sergeant Code, the two gunners and the erstwhile gun layer, lay almost side by side—dead. Four of the horses he noticed had been killed, and strange but true, his own team stood by, still hitched to the limber, apparently unhurt. A groan coming from the direction of the gun next attracted his attention and he was overjoyed to perceive the outline of the Major sitting upright with a flask in his hand, from which he was undoubtedly seeking some solace. Jenkins made his way to where he sat and respectfully enquired as to the extent of his injuries.

"My whole foot is shot away" he exclaimed, "and damn it, I was just going on leave; those dirty German dogs did this for me. I'd like to give them a little present from Santa Claus so that they might spend their Christmas in h—l."

"Sir," said Jenkins quickly, "If you can give me the range, I'll fire every shell we've got with us."

In silence the soldier bandaged his officer's mutilated foot and then proceeded to lay the sights on his gun. The major, with the aid of a pocket search light, sang out the numbers, familiar music to Gunner Alfred Jenkins. Loading and firing single handed was not so easily done but long experience had taught him valuable lessons and soon the air was torn by the first explosion. What a gun she was! Surely no one else could succeed in working her so smoothly. Now Fritz, look out! You're listening to no amateur now. But the enemy preserved a dogged silence throughout and when the last projectile had screamed its way into the night, Gunner Alfred Jenkins turned to the Major and saluted with soldierly precision.

"All fired, sir. Shall I take you to the dressing station now?"

With only two horses left they were forced to abandon his gun for the time being. The wounded officer was strapped securely to the limber seat, and Jenkins, mounting his horse, set forth under the Major's guidance, who appeared to know every turn in the unused road. At the dressing station Jenkins bade adieu to his Major with no little trace of envy in his tone. He pictured him lying between clean sheets and ministered to by an angel in white. Some people had all the luck.

It was not until he was once more on his way alone that he realized how the events of the night had worked to his advantage. What was to prevent him from making his way to the guns and demanding his share of the turkey? Maybe he could persuade them to have the feed then and there. His team responding sluggishly to urge of whip and spur, broke into a trot and gradually reduced the distance until the old familiar corner was reached.

On dismounting, he was astonished to find himself unable to walk on his right foot with any degree of certainty. The numbness had partly disappeared and in its place sharp twinges of pain caused him to bite his lips to keep from crying out. Instantly the thought flashed through his mind—he was wounded!

With considerable difficulty he secured his horses to a fallen timber and hopped painfully to his old home, a commodious dugout furnished by discriminating hands with pillaged furniture and carpets. Instead of the expected silence, which Jenkins anticipated in the early hours of the morning, his ears were greeted with a loud burst of laughter as he descended the stone



stair way and pushed aside the carpet door. The scene before him was so different to his expectations that for a moment he was rendered speechless.

Lighted by numerous candles, the cosy atmosphere of his former abode presented an unforgettable picture. Every one of the ruddy smiling faces ranged around the cellar were familiar to him, but wonderful to behold, and the logical attraction to which his eyes gravitated, was an improvised platter, on an improvised table, and upon which reposed three perfect specimens of roasted turkeys.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Gunner Alfred Jenkins, and relapsed into silence.

Explanations by one of his pals revealed the reason for this midnight gathering. The Major, it appeared, had forbidden the celebration on the grounds that previous similar functions had resulted in rendering a number of perfectly good gunners incapable of appearing for the morning inspection, which was certainly detrimental to the success of their enterprise and a derogatory influence most favorable to the enemy, etc., etc. Tonight the Major would be absent. Was any further explanations necessary? Jenkins was too hungry to await a more detailed account. Where the other turkeys had come from he did not care, nature's demands must receive first consideration. To his order, "Let's eat" there was a vociferous assent.

Never before in his life had he eaten so much and certainly the flavor was superior to any other turkeys in the world. It was the only time that Gunner Alfred Jenkins had really all he wanted to eat, and a blissful spirit of content settled on his soul; he was almost positive that his injury would take him to Blighty, maybe he would lose his leg and get out of it altogether. Well, he had done his share anyway——. At this period in his cogitations the carpet door was pushed roughly aside and no less a person than Captain Crawford strode into the centre of the astonished revellers. An angry frown surmounted his brow.

"Where is the driver who left those horses tied up out there," he demanded angrily.

Gunner Alfred Jenkins sat up with great deliberation.

"Here I am, captain," he sang out sweetly.

"Well you get out of here and get those horses back where they belong. God knows there's enough trouble tonight without this, you'll be lucky to get off without a court-martial.

"Captain," said the turkey-primed Gunner Alfred Jenkins, and the unction in his tone expressed all the misery of years of rigid discipline now gone forever. "Captain," he repeated, holding up a blood soaked foot, "You can go to h—l. I'm leaving for Blighty in the morning, and Captain, remember, peace on earth, good will towards men."

F.B.K.

## DOTTINGS ON DEBATING

By Old AeJ.

A new weapon has been introduced into the armoury of debating—charts, namely, whose use and counter-use I wish most strongly to urge. Charts are wonderful. There is nothing you cannot prove by charts; there-with one can even demonstrate that he works hard, and I am thinking of getting out a flock of them myself.

But, seriously, the fearsomeness and conviction-carrying character of charts is incalculable, and the delightful part is that you need not have the slightest concern that the things are accurate or even comprehensible.



Comprehensibility has nothing to do with the question. All that is really necessary is that the charts should be impressive, bigly, boggled, grotesque.

Photographs of lightning really make the best charts, because these are the most frightful and have a cracking, no-back-answer tone absolutely authoritative. If you have not any lightning photos, do not be discouraged; just get hold of a panoramic picture of the Rockies and scoop away all the underneath. The suspended ceilings will then make as good a chart as you could wish, and prove absolutely crashing in a debate. The highest peak always has to stand for something, but you really cannot decide this until you see how things are going. Naturally your peak will correspond to the affirmative's abyss.

Another good method of plotting a chart is to draw the face of an angular lady and tilt it until the outline is horizontal. You will then have a good chart. The depression just before the Adam's apple will illustrate the slump, while the point of the nose can be used to drive home anything you like.

If a puffy woman is chosen the chart will of course be less pointed, though a triple chin will look quite nice viewed horizontally. It can be used to demonstrate even flow. Be very careful never to put in the eye, for in this event the chart will be irreversible and its effectiveness for debating altogether problematic. For the same reason do not number or label your charts, since you are never sure until the last moment which way up the wretched things may have to go.

Perhaps the most important tip of all regarding charts is this—always mount your charts on good, tough wood. Cardboard will not do. Only the other day, a debate, well won by the affirmative, was finally wrested by the negative because, in the free-for-all that followed, the negative had their charts mounted.

Finally, always invite the audience to come up and inspect the charts afterwards. Don't stay round yourself. If they should come up—but this is absurd.

In quoting authorities, always use a professor, or something equally remote, with a name like Phillpotts or Smith-Baker. Smith or Baker alone would be fatal; and if you brought the good man from Medicine Hat instead of Alabama, the argument would fall as flat as Medicine Hat. Never under any circumstances quote a professor of your own college. What do they know, anyway?

Remember that you are debating all the time, whether on your feet or contemptuously listening. Authorities on debating have been singularly silent on the subject of the cult of the smirk; the frantic jotting; the feverish whisper; the monna-lisa smile; the sublime nonchalance of your contemplation of the ceiling; the suppressed chuckle; the upper curl. Young debaters should study these expedients very carefully, since most debates are ultimately decided by this cunning charade, and by reason of the touching innocence of the judges, mostly professors. It is a very simple matter, for instance, to regulate the applause coming to your opponents. When this seems about to burst, you immediately hump your shoulders, wreathe yourself in smiles, dig your nose into the table (catching your colleague a whack of jubilation in the ribs) and commence to scrawl like the very What's-his-name.

Sophistry is another thing needing attention. By sophistry the resolution can be made to mean anything. Take, for instance, that excellent and



so fruitful subject, "Resolved, that the earth is flat." You begin by showing what the earth is and what the earth is not, according to the vulgar mind. You then quote Berkeley to demonstrate the unreality of matter and the consequent non-existence of the world. Thus you will have literally knocked the ground from under your opponents' feet. But if they have the hardihood to get up at all, you can fling Relativity at them (almost as smashing as charts and quite as incomprehensible). Further, you can quote Shakespeare as saying that the world was not only flat, but stale and unprofitable also; while the final flattener would be that that silly ass, Smith-Baker of Alabama, (whom I thoroughly dislike) *says* something or other.

Of course, if all else fails it would be mere bagatelle to prove that the earth was flat by a good, slender chart (well mounted) showing a simple, straightforward line running rampant from side to side.

For, after all, charts are the thing. Given one side with charts and the other without, the chartses are—

(The chartses are that you will not be invited to contribute to the Managra again.—Ed.)

### CANADIAN POETS

Canada may justly be proud of her poets. I don't know how many there are worthy of note but 100 find a place in the Oxford Book of Canadian Verse. Perhaps the seven greatest of these are Chas. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, Wilfred Campbell, Frederick George Scott and William Henry Drummond, and I can quite understand that your favorite may not be among these seven.

The first two were born in Acadia, the next three in Ottawa and the last two are of Montreal. Drummond however was born in Ireland but came to Canada with his parents while he was yet a small boy and settled near Montreal. Here as a boy and later as a doctor he learned to love the simple good hearted habitant of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa and to reproduce with admirable ease his peculiar half-French and half-English dialect. A beautiful edition of his poems has been brought out by Putman and Sons.

Roberts has been called the Father of Canadian Poets, not because he was our first poet but because he influenced to a very great degree the group of poets named above (except Drummond) who were all born in 1861 or '62.

Both Roberts and Frederick George Scott went overseas at the outbreak of the war, the one as a trooper, a captain and later an attache of the headquarters staff, the other as the beloved senior Chaplain of the First Canadian Division. Canon Scott's collected poems were first published in 1916. His latest book is called "The Great War as I Saw It." The proceeds of which he is giving to the Red Cross Society for the benefit of tubercular soldiers.

The collected poems of Wilfred Campbell are to be brought out this season by the Musson Book Company. Dr. Campbell certainly deserves a place in the front rank of our Canadian singers. Before his death two years ago he did noble service when he edited and had published our best anthology, The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse.

Archibald Lampman born in Morpeth, Ontario, and Duncan Campbell Scott of Ottawa, are both worthy of high place among Canadian poets, the one Ontario's greatest nature poet and the other who as a teacher has merited the title of the Canadian Wordsworth. Mr. Scott is now Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs at Ottawa.



But Bliss Carman for most lovers of poetry stands first among Canadian poets. Like many of our writers Carman went early to the United States but he is still a Canadian. He has published a number of volumes of poetry and his "Later Poems" contain many gems that will win their way to the hearts of his readers. Vestigia, Ships of Yule, Earth Voices, Trees, and many others that might be named. One of them is published elsewhere in this issue.

Four of the seven poets named above are still living: Roberts, Carman and the two Scotts. —G.A.S.

### CHRISTMAS FOIBLES

On reading this title you may be led to think that it is a misprint, for Christmas usually conjures up in the mind all that suggests peace and good will, turkey and mistletoe. But, gentle reader, if you will pour a little, yes a very little, cold, strong tea on your head and ponder a moment, you will find that all is not glass that glitters, that there is a thorn in every ointment, a fly in every rose, and even Christmas may not pass by without some petty annoyance, which, however trivial, has been known to drive the strongest man to the verge of tears, and the weakest man to the brink of drink.

First and foremost, Christmas time to students, is synonymous with examination time. When in the days of our "collegehood" have we observed a Christmastide without that rush of work which inevitably means examinations? There is not a student, and I think I am safe in saying so, who does not suffer abominably from this tactless and heartless arrangement. The very irony of it, when we would fain fill our minds with glorious thoughts of peace and cheerfulness, we must instead brood over some unintelligible mass of words which in the course of a few weeks will signify less than nothing to the majority of us.

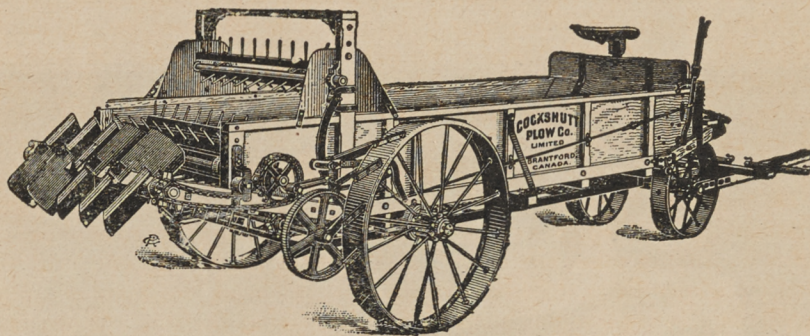
To consider another phase of duty which confronts us at this festive season. Not many of us can omit from our programme that extremely irksome, otherwise delightful task of Christmas shopping. We read, with envy, "only twenty more shopping days till Christmas," and "Do your Christmas shopping early." More than one of us may find ourselves in the same quandary as the youth who had taken this timely advice, purchased his gifts early and then forgot where he had hidden them.

To approach nearer the very day itself. What sensations one experiences on a cold December night when, having just snuggled down into the comforting depths of a well feathered bed, you are assaulted by some cheerless songster, who in a perhaps-one-time-melodious-but-now-somewhat-frozen voice relates to you the story of Good King Wenceslas.

Lastly, let us consider that extraordinary and inexplicable custom of making and moreover consuming that concoction known as Christmas pudding. I have never been able to ascertain why it should be added to the already overcrowded menu. Yet in every household you will find it. Enquiries bring me no responses, and Christmas pudding is to me still swathed in several thicknesses of mystery. And such a quantity of these puddings! A housewife is not content with one, she must make a whole battalion. Oh, I am aware that many people never touch the pudding as a comestible. One chap found one very useful as a jack at bowls; we might even use them for indoor baseball. They, that is the smaller puddings, have also been used successfully as paper weights.

Withal, I hope you, each and every one, may have a Merry Christmas, but don't consume too much of that pudding! —A.I.E.





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There are no aprons or slats to foul or get out of order, and no gears to clog or freeze. The chain drive used is of the strongest form.

Easy working levers, close to the driver's seat, control all operations, and the position of the front wheels, under the frame, allow for short turning.

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M.A.C. INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS, 1922-23



### OUR CHAMPION FOOTBALLERS

All learned the game when they started school. Developed as follows:

**McEwen.** At Gleichen, Alta., in 1909. Played goal two games and lost both, 5-0 and 4-0. Played Junior Aggies in '20 and Senior past two years. One of the best halves in the league and picked for University All Stars.

**Thomson.** Back lot artist and Portage Collegiate. Now post-graduating with Aggies. Is six feet plus, but displays finish which stamps him as a regular for years to come. Two goals, one a penalty, are the only black marks against him in six games.

**Fowler.** From Burnley. Used Palace Guards horses for goals. Played for St. Cuthbert's College, Burnley Engineering Co. and N.W. Lancashire champions. Played Junior Aggies two years. Best outside left in Senior League this year. Fast, light and tricky and picked for University All Stars.

**McKenzie.** With Tremaine school and Rapid City Seniors. Later with Aggie Juniors. Started Senior last year but injured. Regular Senior outside right this year, always playing a steady game. Regrets he is now in 3rd year Diploma.

**Laycup.** Comes from Foxwarren, the best football town in the province. That's his record. Is regular Senior for his home town. Works well in any combination play and gets goals. Is new to M.A.C. and has four years of Senior Football ahead.

**McGowan.** Started in Old Country. Played with Flying Corps at Toronto and overseas. Captained Junior Aggies in '20. Starred at right half for Seniors last year and displayed best form at centre this year. Gets goals when needed and always worries the opposing defence.

**Wilson.** "Bob" kicked the slats out of the cradle and developed as a footballer in Gladstone public and high school. Played in France with 12th Field Ambulance. Interclass, Junior and Senior Aggies. Effective at team work and weighty enough to stand his own.

**Breakey.** Comes from Morden. Didn't specialize between school days and war days. Played overseas in 1916. Came to M.A.C. this year to really learn the game. Is big, fast and a real demoralizer to all attacks. Also has four years of Senior football ahead.

**Guild, Captain.** Played for Kemnay and Brandon Collegiate and quit the game in '09. Later played in Naval Service Leagues overseas to relieve monotony of flying. M.A.C. 1920. Played every senior game since. Played with Imperial Oil, Brandon City champions during past summer. Once forward, then halfback, now fullback, next out. Picked for U. All Stars.

**Olson.** Starred at school at Gimli against the girls. Learned the game in two years on Aggie side lines. Played Junior last year. Now one of best backs in League. A second Grant McGregor—sure, cool and a hard, clean kicker.

**Crawford.** Pipestone —'09, ninety % efficient (breaking windows). '10—'13, played amongst snowdrifts and rosebushes; '14, member district team. Two years Junior Aggies and three Senior. Best right half in League. One hundred and seventy-five pounds. University All Star.

**Broadfoot.** Learned most of it at M.A.C. in summer months, holding down position in goal. Has played spare for Seniors this season, playing effectively in goal in first game against Arts. Relieved by Slim Thomson but didn't quit on that account. Has all the earmarks of Senior calibre.



### FOOTBALL AT THE FARMERS' COLLEGE

Football has always occupied a prominent place in the athletic life at M.A.C. The old College on the banks of the Assiniboine opened to receive students in Agriculture in the fall of '06 and football was naturally the first sport to be organized. By the fall of 1908 sufficient progress had been made to warrant entering a team in the junior inter-collegiate series. It was recognized even at this early date that the farmers were great kickers but they had not yet learned to kick together and toward a common goal. Consequently results in 1908-'09 and '10 were not perhaps proportionate to the importance of Manitoba's basic industry. (History records, for instance, that M.A.C.'s one and only football team was defeated in 1909 by the Manitoba College Juniors by the score of 11-0.) But the "Aggies" were not for one moment discouraged and games were never under any circumstances defaulted. The necessary determination was present and even the necessary individual football ability, but organization and combination were lacking.

Football stock took a decided rise with the arrival of the 1915 class. Among the new-comers were Jimmy Lothian, Jack Green and Bob Muckle. These with the redoubtable Ferg. Irwin were fully sufficient to make it more than interesting for the other colleges competing. In 1911 the team finished second in the league and only failed to reach the top by being handicapped for the opening games. College did not open in those days until after the inter-collegiate league had started and M.A.C. always played her first game without practice and generally before all the players were back.

In 1912 the first reward was reaped for several years of hard work. The opening games were won and the "Aggies" found themselves at the end of the season holders of the junior championship. The line up of the team was: Goal, Eric Stevens; Backs, Jimmy Lothian, J. M. Smith; Halves, W. Betts, Jack Green, Jerry Barnes; Forwards, F. Bradford, C. R. Hopper, Bob Muckle, Jack Norquay, Tom Bain.

This was the one and only time that M.A.C. had held the Junior Championship, although more than once of late years our juniors have been runners up and only missed the top by the narrowest of margins.

Encouraged by this success a senior team was entered in 1913, our first year at the new college. It was not expected that the shield would come our way in response to our first request and we were not disappointed. However the "embattled farmers" put up a strong argument and emerged at the end of the season tied for second place. The shield was won this year by a team representing the united colleges of Manitoba and Wesley. On the shield, therefore, both Manitoba and Wesley are credited with the year 1913.

In 1914 hopes ran high from the start. The "Aggies" defeated the formidable Meds on Agricultural Grounds in the first half of the season, but most unexpectedly went down to defeat to Arts and came to the final play-off tied for first place with the Medicals. The game that followed was certainly one of the best in our football history. Agriculture led 2-0 at half time and felt rather well, only to find the score tied ten minutes after resumption of play. However superior condition and first class combination met with their reward and a final score of 5-2. This game saw the introduction of the official referee into college football. The improvement in the game was so marked and instant that the official referee has ever since been regarded as essential. Line-up, 1914: Eric Stevens, Ferg. Irwin, Jimmy



Lothian, Jerry Barnes, Jack Green, Bill Roberts, Bradford, Hopper, "Happy" English, Alex. Kennedy, Bert Bolton, R. A. Cunningham spare.

This year also marked the beginning of the Great War and ultimately eight of the original team served with the Canadian Forces and five laid down their lives in France. Gerald Barnes was listed as missing, following one of the battles of the Somme in 1916 and was never afterwards heard of. Bert Bolton was killed at Vimy Ridge. Fred Bradford was killed in August 1917, leading his platoon against the formidable Green Crassier in Lens. R. A. Cunningham was killed at Canal du Nord, September 27th, 1918 and Jimmy Lothian sustained injuries in the trenches about the same time from which he ultimately died in Tuxedo Hospital in the fall of 1919. Surely a proud but tragic record for the first championship senior intercollegiate football team!

In 1915 the shield remained at M.A.C. The strong '15 class were gone and only four players of the 1914 team were available, but the ranks were filled. The forward line of the previous year was intact except for Henry Grant in place of Bert Bolton and the ultimate result was never in serious doubt. The "Managra" of that year records that every team that M.A.C. met was defeated by a score of at least 4-1. Line-up: Parkinson, Bob Muckle, Gibson, Jack Hudson, Ben Warkentin, Wilbur Boyd, Bradford, C. R. Hopper, R. A. Cunningham, "Shorty" Kennedy, Henry Grant.

In 1916 and 1917 after a bitter struggle in each case, honors went to the Medicals. Both colleges and for that matter all colleges had small enrollments of students on account of the war. In 1918 on account of the "Flu" there was no intercollegiate football series, for the first time in nearly forty years.

In 1919 Agriculture was again out in strength. Abundance of football material came in with the 1924 class. In the clash with Meds. this year the result was a tie but to the unanimous regret of the Agriculturists some other team robbed the Doctors of a point and no play off was necessary. Line-up: J. Cowie, "Ches" Bissett, R. H. Vann, Jack Hudson, Duff Guild, Jack Norquay, Alec Kennedy, C. R. Hopper, Henry Grant, McGregor, Capt. Wilson, Purchase, Mel. Murray, McGregor and Pollex.

In 1920 the aspirations of the "Aggies" were once more never seriously menaced. The speed of Warkentin and Henry Grant on the forward line, backed up by the strong defense of Jack Norquay, Duff Guild, McGregor and Tom Roberts, made one of the strongest and best balanced teams M.A.C. has had. Line-up: Chapman, Guild, McGregor, Norquay, Purchase, Roberts, Murray, Crawford, Warkentin, Blackwell, Grant, Trembath. The year 1921 saw one of the hardest struggles in the history of the league. M.A.C. was tied with Meds. at the close of the series and battled to a draw on the historic Manitoba College grounds. In the second play-off, however, Meds. were going too strong for us and carried off the shield.

The season of 1922 just closed is too fresh in our minds to need a detailed account. The most enthusiastic supporters were, by no means confident at the beginning of the season. A lurking fear was present that we could do everything but score goals but the defense held out all attacks until the forwards developed a real power of attack and from the time that they discovered they could score goals, stock went up by leaps and bounds. Supporters of the team went down to the game against Engineers with a



confidence that was not misplaced and once more the old shield adorns the library.

Anyone who has read this long story all through may see that M.A.C. has a football record of which students may reasonably be proud. Agriculture is only a very recent competitor in inter-collegiate football but has won the senior championship five times out of a possible nine. In this same period Medicals have won three times and Manitoba-Wesley once.

The shield was donated by Dr. Halpenny in 1899 and has been won as follows:—

1899 Manitoba	1900 Medicals	1901 Medicals
1902 Medicals	1903 Manitoba	1904 Medicals
1905 Manitoba	1906 Manitoba	1907 Manitoba
1908 Manitoba	1909 Manitoba	1910 Manitoba
1911 Wesley	1912 St. Johns	1913 Wesley-Manitoba
1914 Agriculture	1915 Agriculture	1916 Medicals
1917 Medicals	1918 No Competition	1919 Agriculture
1920 Agriculture	1921 Medicals	1922 Agriculture
	1923 ? ? ? ?	

—C.R.H.

### TREES

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,  
There were goodly trees in the springing sod.

Trees of beauty and height and grace,  
To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,  
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,  
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,  
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;

Trees to turn at the frosty call  
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,  
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;

Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,  
The keel and the mast of the daring sail;

He made them of every grain and girth,  
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then, lest the soul should not lift her eyes  
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,  
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

—Bliss Carman.



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Established 1907

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FASHIONABLE LADIES  
TAILORS AND  
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Between Kennedy and Vaughan

## Mutual Interests

We appreciate with pleasure the fact that we share with the staff and students of Manitoba Agricultural College a common interest in Canada's great industry—the industry of Agriculture.

The Union Bank of Canada has always been in the forerank in fostering farming in all its aspects.

We hope through our College branch to commence a mutually beneficial friendship with many of our future leaders in Agriculture.

D. C. Burrows, in Charge M.A.C. Branch

## UNION BANK of CANADA

HEAD OFFICE IN WINNIPEG



# "MANAGRA"

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## EDITORIAL.

*"As many mince pies as you taste at Xmas  
So many happy months will you have."*

(Old English saying.)

### "Merry Xmas"

Once more the Christmas season has arrived, almost before we are aware of its approach. Christmas with its exams., turkey, mince pie and good-will is with us again. And once more ye scribe is confronted with the problem of trying to say something original apropos of the season. But what is the use? The succession of thousands of Christmases has virtually exhausted the field of ideas. One thing, however, has stood the test of thousands of repetitions; and for this very reason it seems to be the fitting thing to say now: it is "Merry Christmas." "Merry Christmas!" The time honored phrase is ever new and full of meaning. What a wealth of connotation it bears! And so ye editor and ye Managra feel that they cannot do better than to wish their readers a real honest-to-goodness Merry Christmas and the best of luck in the New Year.

### ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP

After another strenuous campaign, the intercollegiate football series is at an end, and the shield, emblem of highest football honors, once more rests peacefully within our halls. And once again M.A.C. athletes have demonstrated their fighting spirit—the spirit which will fight while there is any hope, and even beyond, for the upholding of our enviable reputation of the past.



The loss of half the senior team of last year, found us at the opening of the season facing a difficult problem. The number of candidates, however, who worked for positions on the senior and junior teams, speaks well for the healthy attitude adopted by the new students, and is a happy augur for the future.

With the opening of the basketball and hockey seasons, we have fresh fields to conquer, and we know that each player will continue as in the past

—"To play the game,  
Clean of hand and free from shame,  
Fighting hard."

---

#### SPORT AND CHARACTER

There is no better indication of a man's character than his attitude towards sport. To all college students sport is a recreation, and not a business. It is an agreeable diversion, stimulating and healthy, when indulged in moderately. But sport like work can be overdone. There is a happy medium in all things, and that is where good judgment comes in. Some students are inclined to devote a majority of their time to sporting activities, and allow their regular work to suffer as a consequence. They do not come to college to take a 'major in sport,' but they just naturally drift that way. It is a tendency in college life that should be curbed.

Fair play is the cardinal principle of sport. It is a man's ability to play the game fairly when his side is losing, that denotes a high mind and a noble character. Sport is a character builder. A good sport invariably produces a good citizen. To be a good sport it is not essential to be a skilful exponent of the game. The best is the player who, lacking in ability, perseveres the more to attain perfection.

Games, especially out-door games, not only are healthful, but they sharpen one's wit. In this connection we believe that all interclass games in the gymnasium should be done away with at the beginning of the year. Every student should enjoy the open air exercise, from curling or skating. In this way the student body can co-operate with the rink officials and avoid the regrettable occurrence of last year.

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#### ALUMNI NEWS

It is pleasing to all of us to see the improvement and increased interest which has taken place in the Alumni News of our magazine. It is perhaps the most progressive step which we have made this year. Considering the wide field covered by our graduates, we are coming to realize more fully, as the years pass, and as the army grows, that the Managra is the one great link connecting them with their Alma Mater.

Progress looks very uniform and logical from the standpoint of theory. The armchair philosopher may sit in his quiet study and read of the evolution of the ages, as if everything had taken place according to some cut and dried plan, and without ado. The actual facts are quite antipodal to all that; progress only comes through much thought and hard work. To those who are responsible for the improvement of our Alumni news all credit is due.



### THE CHICAGO TRIP

One of the keenest disappointments that the student body has felt for a long time, came when it was known that a stock judging team would not be allowed to compete this year at the Chicago Live Stock Exposition.

The combination of circumstances which led to our not being represented at the International this year should be brought before our readers, because it not only interests those who are now in attendance at our College, but those who have graduated in years past and those who may come after us.

For several years a stock judging team has been sent to Chicago, but it has never been made a permanent institution. With the idea in view of making this trip to Chicago an annual event, so that the student would feel throughout his course in Animal Husbandry that he had something to strive for, the student body unanimously adopted a resolution to this effect and presented it to the Minister of Agriculture last spring. Nothing definite was decided at that time due to the existing political situation. The matter was dropped by the students until the term opened this fall. At that time the Faculty was approached and we were given to understand that an appropriation was being asked for in this year's estimates, for the purpose of giving financial assistance in sending a stock judging team to Chicago. The Board of Directors met and the views of the students were presented by members of the Faculty. But the Board did not feel justified in sending or allowing a team to compete at Chicago. They realize that the stock at the College is inadequate, both in quantity and quality, to give the students a course in Animal Husbandry comparable with other leading agricultural institutions. In lieu of the trip to Chicago, which they felt was an expensive undertaking with but little chance of a Manitoba team competing with any degree of success with American teams, they offered to finance a trip around Manitoba to see Manitoba live stock, or secondly to organize an annual Western inter-college judging competition, to be held alternately at Brandon, Saskatoon and Edmonton.

The viewpoint of the students on the whole question and these alternative proposals of the Board is that, first, the students already have a good knowledge of Manitoba live stock, since there is a permanent inter-college competition at Brandon Fair, in which M.A.C. students have always taken part and have shown their ability as live stock judges by winning many medals and last year winning the McGregor trophy; and second, the education and training to be derived from a trip to Chicago, by visiting sister colleges and numerous animal breeding establishments in the States cannot be valued in dollars or cents nor can it be duplicated in Western Canada. To the students, the judging competition is of secondary consideration, and they do not feel that the Board was justified in their decision, as the senior year were willing to bear all their own expenses, if the Board would supply a coach and his expenses, but this was not forthcoming and consequently we were without representation at Chicago International this year, and the animal husbandry students of the 1923 class who are to graduate this coming spring feel that they are seriously handicapped as Animal Husbandmen, due to no fault of theirs. The students believe that with a better understanding on the part of the Board, of the value of sending a team to the International Stock Judging Competition, provision would be at once made for making the trip to Chicago a permanent arrangement.

W.J.R.





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feat



Great headwork Olie!



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Putting on the Brake(y)



Length is  
essential in  
a goalie



Herald! la Cup



— The Forwards —  
One hope, one joy, had these stalwarts, five.  
To win the shield, they all did strive,  
M'Gowan! M'Gowan! hail! hail the name!  
Did score the goal that won the game

W.L.S.  
H.L.S.



# ALUMNI

## STOCK JUDGING COMPETITIONS

Prof. Sheppard of the North Dakota Agricultural College has issued a bulletin on the subject of livestock judging competitions in their relation to school work. The author, be it known, has conducted the Chicago International competition for some fifteen years. He takes the indisputable ground that the honor associated with "making the team" spurs many students, who would otherwise wander aimlessly through a general degree course, into the accomplishment of enough specialized study to fit them to fill important places in livestock circles. Prof. Sheppard lists the occupations of the various students who have gone through the International to support his contention.

Admittedly there is one class of men who owe their places on teams to pre-college experience with livestock. These men would in any circumstances attain to high places in the field of livestock endeavor. To this extent contests and the training they involve are a selective and not a propelling agency. But making this allowance, the writer feels certain that Prof. Sheppard has a good case. In more than one instant M.A.C. men owe to months expended in contest preparation, the specialization which increased their after usefulness to self and state.

A better criterion than Prof. Sheppard's, but one which he is precluded from using, is the test between schools which do and do not undertake strenuous competition work. As far as the writer has been able to ascertain the facts, men from Iowa, Ontario and the schools following the same policy occupy the best livestock positions to the exclusion of men from the schools like Illinois and Wisconsin and their like, and this in spite of the fact that the latter have been the homes of such teachers as Professors Davenport, Mumford, Coffee, Sheppard, Henry, Morrison and Kleinheintz.

As Prof. Sheppard's list for Manitoba is incomplete, we append one hereunder. Leaving out the men who returned to farms, the proportion of livestock workers is very much higher than in a list of all graduates.

- 1910—BLACKSTOCK, A.—Farming.  
CRAWFORD, F. W.—Secretary Aberdeen Angus Association.  
JONES, E. W.—Stock Yards Manager.  
McMILLAN, A. J.—Live Stock Commission Agency.  
SMITH, J. C.—Killed in Action.
- 1911—BREDT, P. F.—Live Stock Extension Lecturer.  
HICKS, W. H.—Experimental Farm Superintendent.  
JONES, G. H.—Live Stock Extension Lecturer.  
OLIVE, A. K.—Commercial.  
RAYNER, J.—Extension Director.
- 1912—ABEL, P. M.—Livestock Editor, G.G.G.  
IRWIN, FERG.—Farming.  
McPHERSON, ARCHIE—Farming.  
SMITH, N. S.—Farming.  
WEBSTER, ALEX.—Farming.
- 1913—BETTS, WM.—Farming.  
McINTYRE, H. H.—Farming.  
MUCKLE, R. M.—Farming.  
STONE, W. J.—Killed in Action.  
BROWN, J. L.—Died of Wounds.
- 1920—BLACK, GEO.—Farming.  
McKENZIE, LORNE—Commercial.  
POPP, WM.—Teaching.  
WALKER, G. B.—Live Stock Instructor  
WEIR, W. G.—Farming.
- 1921—HANCOCK, LES.—Dominion Hog Grader.  
RENTON, R. B.—Farming.  
WALKER, H. C.—Field Husbandry Work.  
WATKINS, GEO.—Dominion Sheep Branch.  
WILL, W.—Not placed permanently.

—P.M.A.



## Who's Who!

### John G. Rayner '13

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

To fulfill the highest mission in life, we must be of service to others. John G. Rayner's motto has always been "Service" and he has always lived up to it.

Shortly after graduating in 1913, he joined the late H. N. Thompson's staff for one year. He later became District Representative at North Battleford for the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, where he made his influence felt by his many efforts to improve rural conditions. He has made it his special task to do all he can to make the life of those who make their living on the farm more worth while, more profitable and more pleasant.

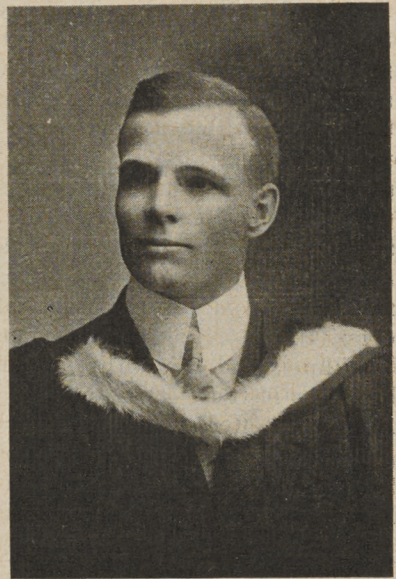
In 1918 he was appointed Director of Boys' and Girls' Clubs, and under his direction and guidance, the Club movement spread rapidly. He took particular interest in the welfare of farm boys and girls and as Manager of the first and many subsequent Farm Boys' Camps held at Regina and Saskatoon, helped to make these Camps so very helpful and successful. He is the author of Bulletin No. 56, "Saskatchewan Boys' and Girls' Clubs."

When, however, the post of Director of Agricultural Extension became vacant in 1919, J. G. was asked to assume this position of greater responsibility. The splendid harmony and co-operation that exists between the Extension Department and all the other branches of the College of Agriculture as well as with all branches of the Department of Agriculture is very largely due to J. G.'s tact, careful foresight and amiable disposition. He is a maker of friends

and his smile which became famous at College still serves him in good stead.

While at College John G. was always popular. He represented M.A.C. on the 1911 stock judging team which took second place at Chicago, the best showing M.A.C. ever made. He also ably represented his class in several debates.

At College, he was known as the "ladies' man" and was always pop-



J. G. RAYNER

ular with the Home Economics class. In 1915, he decided to study Home Economics himself and took as his partner Ruth Boughton. They now have a real live boy who takes all J.G.'s tact plus something else to handle.

He has won his success through having a high ideal of duty, great energy and persistence and a disposition for making and keeping friends.

—K.W.G.



**Capt. A. K. Olive, M.C. '14**

A dip into the college archives will show that Art Olive commenced his M.A.C. career with the charter class in 1906. After two years spent in acquiring the jazz notions of that period, the home farm at Wolseley, Sask., claimed his services till the class of '14 caught up to him. His last summer vacation was spent with the Agricultural Department of the C.P.R. at Calgary as an inspector under Dr. Rutherford. The "Soulless corporation" harbored him again after he had received his parchment. Here he remained till New Year's Day 1916, and from that time the biographer must go to the records of our glorious national adventure to trace the career of this alumnus. For on that day Olive enlisted with a Moose Jaw battalion. Having qualified himself beforehand at military schools, he immediately entered into the sanctity of commissioned rank.

Nineteen-seventeen found him in England, and November at the front with the 46th battalion. His first baptism of fire was in that crucible of death, Passchendaele. But Olive survived incidents of this kind to become very practiced in the main art of war, where a small number gathered together about an improvised table to raise an ante alternately by candle-light.

Art was granted the military cross for conspicuous bravery at Fouques-court when the 10th Brigade took that town in the advance from Amiens in August 1918. He was with his battalion throughout the other important engagement in Canada's "hundred days," up to the date on which he was wounded advancing up the slopes in front of Bourlon Wood.

By the time he escaped from hospital the armistice had been signed and Art turned to a new conquest. Shortly after his return to Canada he was married to Anna Green, daughter

of Fred Green of Moose Jaw, and thus became related to Jack and Fred Green whose names are engraved in M.A.C. football history.

Olive's first effort in re-establishment was on the staff of the Soldier Settlement Board, first at Calgary, then as District Agriculturist at Edmonton and Winnipeg. Outgrowing this job, he became Canadian manager of the hail departments of the Aetna, Springfield Fire and Marine, and North American Insurance Companies with headquarters at Regina. Address 2063 Argyle St. One daughter, Margaret.

—P.M.A.

**W. H. Hicks '15**

Whatever the effect on the many, of the years of work and worry that elapsed since the 1915 boys left college, there is at least one whose youthful energy has not abated. So it is that those who were intimately acquainted with Herb Hicks when at college must know him still.

Since graduating Herb has made the farm his headquarters and during the years which have sorely tried the farmers of South Western Manitoba, he has been able to keep financially strong. Besides being the owner of some very good grade milking Shorthorns, he has also raised some good Clydesdales and improved Yorkshires.

But this side of his work he might say, was the selfish part of his doings. His greatest worth has been his time and energy given to aid the worthy activities of his home community. To witness, note some of the offices in which he has served and is still serving: Member school board, member Hospital board, Pres. Souris U.F.M. local since its inception; director Souris Agricultural Society; active church worker; leader boys' class in connection with Y.M.C.A. work; lately appointed Sec.-Treas. of





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the Brandon district U.F.M. He has successfully represented Brandon district in debate against Marquette district in the U.F.M. debating series. He is also a Mason of no mean standing. As an enthusiastic supporter of clean sports, Herb was largely responsible for the good showing made by the Souris hockey team in the amateur hockey during 1920-21. Just here it might be well to mention the fact that to-date he has been successful in continuing to hoe his row single handed. But with or without help, the past has proven that Herb is one of our graduates who can be "counted on." May he continue to serve.

—L.V.R.

#### W. R. Leslie & Co.

Even an outsider visiting the Dominion Experimental Station at Morden is distinctly aware of an atmosphere that seems to dominate everything from the Superintendent's house to the remotest melon patch. The initiated knows it is the M.A.C. spirit, for if there is a place outside of college that emanates M.A.C. and its associated hospitality, it is the Horticultural Farm at Morden. For the College girl or fellow to pass through Morden without calling at the Leslie home to see Jean is unthinkable. She quietly dominates every gathering even though her rare words seem rather strange to us. Unmistakably all who are acquainted must admit there is no horticultural name applicable to our Northern grown species that fitly describes her.

When I asked Leslie recently what he had been doing since the year one, he confided that he had only accomplished one thing worth while. He married a certain girl whom all knew as Gertie Bruce of the '20 class. Enthusiasm is often contagious, and lest we be carried away from the

purpose designated, let us proceed with the early life of Russell Leslie.

The first decade was spent in Saskatoon, high school in Barrie, Ontario, two years of Arts at Wesley College before entering M.A.C. with the 1916 class, several summers with survey parties in Hudson's Bay region, four years with Experimental Station at Fort William, at present at Morden where "turning the prairie into an orchard" is an accomplished fact.

—H.W.W.

#### Anna L. Kennedy '20

Anna Kennedy was born in Flint, Michigan, U.S.A., moving to Winnipeg when two years of age. She graduated from Kelvin in 1913, taught in the rural schools and was for one year a supervisor of the Winnipeg play ground before coming to the Agricultural College in 1916.

She proved to be an all round girl, taking an active part in every phase of college life. During the first three years of her course she held the position of physical instructor to the girls. Her ability as a teacher was fully demonstrated in the splendid displays put on by her gymnasium classes each spring. Anna was indispensable to the girls' basket ball team as referee and coach, and to her is largely due the credit for the intercollegiate championships of 1917 and 1918.

But Anna's attention was not wholly directed to sport, for in her third, fourth and fifth years she lead the '20 class in general proficiency, winning two Isbester scholarships and the T. Eaton silver tea service. She was also a member of the Y.W.C.A. cabinet in her fourth year, and president of that organization in her final year. After graduating in 1920, Anna became teacher of Household Art in the Earl Grey School and her clever work was a credit to her



Alma Mater. Still her thirst for knowledge had not been entirely quenched, so in 1921 she decided to go to Columbia University, New York. After completing a very successful year Anna comes back to us with the degree of B.S. and a Teacher's Diploma in Household Arts. She has accepted a position this fall as instructor in household arts in the School for the Deaf.

—L.S.

### Margaret Reid '21

Margaret Reid is a Manitoba girl born near Cardale. She attended the High School in Ochre River, took her Normal training in Regina and taught there for a year.

In the fall of 1916 she entered M.A.C. and became one of the brightest students that ever entered the College being always ready to take part in every college activity but never neglecting her studies. In her second year she won the Board of Directors prize for general proficiency, and in her third year, the Isbester Scholarship.

She was editor-in-chief of the "Managra" in her fourth year, and "Lady Stick" in her fifth year. In these two positions she won the love and respect of her fellow students by her sound judgment and great executive ability.

In basket ball Margaret played jumping centre on the senior inter-collegiate team for three years.

After graduating she accepted a substitute position in Home Economics on the staff of the Ontario Agricultural College and we learn that Margaret has done such good work that she has made herself indispensable.

Last summer she took a graduate course at Columbia University specializing in Household Management, the subject which she will

teach this winter. It is quite to be expected that Margaret will make a name for herself wherever she goes.

—L.S.

### Social

An informal luncheon at which some eighteen Alumni members were present was held at the Y.M.C.A. at the time the Agricultural Representatives attended the Agronomists' Convention. The spirit of the meeting was such that it was decided to hold similar meetings monthly. While more particularly affecting those in and around Winnipeg, it is hoped that members planning to visit the City can arrange their visit so as to be present at one of these gatherings.

If the social committee needed any further proof of the advisability of holding monthly meetings it was forthcoming in the splendid response to the supper held Tuesday, December 12th, at Manitoba Hall. Twenty-five members were present and after doing justice to the good things set before them, discussed, among other things, details of the annual meeting.

The next monthly supper will be held January 9th, at the Cabbage Patch. It was decided to have all married members bring along their wives, or husbands as the case might be. We hasten to assure the less fortunate members that they will be granted the privilege of bringing their lady friends.

—J.H.H.

### The Annual Meeting

Plans are well away for the largest Annual Alumni Meeting in the history of the Association. Advantage will again be taken of Bonspiel rates, and the fact that the re-union will be held Friday, February 9th.

Remember the dates, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 8th and 9th, 1923.



### STEFAN AUGUST BJARNASON, B.A., B.S.A., M.S.

Born in Winnipeg, August 10, 1886, of Icelandic parents. When four years of age went with parents to a farm at Mary Hill, near Lundar. There was no school until he was thirteen. His only teacher at Mary Hill was Thorvaldur Thorvaldson, who later had a brilliant career at Harvard. This fact was of much importance to S. A. B., who entered Wesley College when seventeen. During his Arts Course he specialized in Science, won two scholarships, and in field sports lowered the University record for the half-mile and the mile.

At M.A.C. he partook of all features of the well-rounded life of our Institution, and was the first to graduate as a specialist in horticulture. Assistant to the Superintendent at Brandon Experimental Farm in 1915; he was appointed as first Superintendent at the Morden Experimental Station when the government opened that Station as its institution to specialize in horticulture for the prairies. Resigned to volunteer for military service in 1917, but because of physical disabilities was not allowed to go overseas. In autumn of 1919 he received a fellowship at the University of California, won his M.S. degree in 1920, and was granted the "James Rosenberg Memorial Scholarship in Agriculture." He proceeded towards his Ph. D. de-



S. A. BJARNASON '15

gree, but in spring of this year was forced by poor health to retire from heavy study and his untimely death occurred November 18th.

S. A. Bjarnason was a noble and a fine chap, who in spite of constant physical ailments ever shouted to himself, "Excelsior." He lived for only thirty-six years and these were filled with a struggle to secure thorough preparation to effectively serve. He won prominence as a student, as an athlete, as a

contributor to periodicals, and as a school teacher. S.A.B. earned all money to pay his expenses and much of this was secured by teaching school. Fond of poetry and of good literature, a careful scientist, a keen researcher, he was also possessor of rich humor, and a love of fun. All of his M.A.C. associates will feel pleased at learning that Bjarnason always remained a Canadian and that he planned on an early return from the South.

"Steve" Bjarnason has passed, but his short career is full of object lessons for his many friends. He had a vision and followed his gleam, never departing from the path of high principles and good fellowship. It is indeed a pity that he was not allotted many more years among us, to continue his kind friendship and to serve mankind. The M.A.C. extends sympathy to the other mourners.

"For he who blesses most is blest;  
And God and men shall own his worth,  
Who toils to leave as his bequest,  
An added beauty to the earth." —W.R.L.



### **"Do You Remember?"**

The night the Varsity Arts girls intended parading through our Halls of Fame with their tinware to celebrate the expected victory in Basket Ball, but fate had willed it otherwise, and these would-be instruments of music were not even seen as the silent group wended their way to the car, for our girls had lived up to their reputation—"You can't trim us on our own floor."

The '19 parade on their initial interclass debate, led by two fifers, and bringing up the rear was Wells with a bucket of sawdust.

The big snow storm on reunion night. At breakfast the following morning a brilliant assemblage of noted guests appeared in evening dress. The morning hours were whiled away in the gymnasium, then came the rush for the first car through to the City at one o'clock. Could anyone forget that jam?

A commotion at breakfast, why—A mouse ran riot about the dining-room. A certain member of the Agricultural aggregation was seen climbing onto a chair for safety. The honorable Dean captured the disturber, later a medal for this courageous act was presented to him by the H. E. students.

How about borrowing a pair of socks fellows? Ask Hank.

### **Things That Don't Get You Anywhere**

Going snow-shoeing without a chaperone in the days when the Club was young.

Setting off alarm clocks in front of the auditorium door when a debate is going on.

Trying to freeze a canary to reap your revenge. A canary's voice is really improved by fresh air.

Missing the last car after a theatre party.

Taking a bath during study hour. Especially if the bath-room happens to be above the student-body president's room.

### **Alumni Honor Fund**

A concrete example of real service being performed by the Alumni Association is to be found in the Honor Fund already functioning. Immediately after founding this fund less than a year ago, one deserving senior student was granted a loan which he has already redeemed.

Fortune is surely smiling upon this worthy venture. From a student fund derived from the sale of old newspaper a cheque for over fifty dollars was turned into the fund. A similar and equally welcome surprise from a bazaar organized and staged by the Ladies' Faculty Club, which was a jolly affair in itself, added another two hundred dollars. The committee is more than gratified at the very liberal response to its recent appeal and hopes to report very favorably upon the whole project at the next annual meeting.

—F.L.

### **Skating and Curling**

The third Mondy of each month is to be known as Alumni Skating Night. If you skate, make it a point to be at the Winnipeg Rink, Dec. 18th, Jan. 15th, Feb. 19th, March 19th.

Any member of the Association anxious to curl at the College rink should leave his name with either J. H. Hudson or J. H. Kitley who are making the necessary arrangements.



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# PERSONALS



**J. C. Dryden** for Provencher and **L. V. Robson** for Souris, debated in the provincial U.F.M. series against each other a short time ago, and **Henry Dennison**, secretary of the M.A.C. Y.M.C.A. in 1914 and 15, and now principal of the Souris Collegiate acted as one of the judges.

**Frank Hitchcock** is with the C.P.R. and is "stationed" at Souris.

**W. G. Wilson** of the '19 class is taking an active part in community work at Reston, Man.

**A. K. Stratton** of Stonewall, finds that in these hard times marketing farm products via the milk and bacon route is more profitable than the usual method.

**H. H. Blackhall** '18 is one of the most successful farmers who have taken up land under the S.S.B. land settlement plan. He is farming at Bowsman River, Man.

**J. S. McPherson** is finishing his land course in the city. As yet he is merely assistant to the attorney general of Manitoba.

Among other visitors to the college lately are, **Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Crawford** '21, **C. S. Chapman**, **F. F. Parkinson**, **Art Heise**, **Max McElheran**.

The Football Team received encouraging telegrams from **Jim Thompson** '24 and **Chick Bisset** and his wife (nee Eleanor Fee) wishing them the best of luck in their decisive game with Engineers. Probably these, with the able support of some of our ex-footballers on the side lines as **Jack Hudson**, **Sanmon**, **Alec Kennedy**, **J. A. Gibson**, **Grant McGregor**,

**Hank Grant**, **Clark Hopper**, **Bob Mackie** and others, together with their own good playing, had much to do with winning of the shield. They also appreciate **G. B. Walker's** congratulations on winning the game.

**Marian McGregor** '24 has finished Business College and is now "Private Secretary" in one of the offices in

**Kate** and **Annie Bonnar** '24 some-  
the city.

times pay us a visit. We are glad to hear that they are making very successful nurses.

**Bonnie Sanderson** '24 visited us while in the city. We only wish she was back to help our hockey team.

We are sorry that **Eva Pattison** '24 was not able to come back this year, but our loss will be another year's gain.

**Margaret Masson** '24 is teaching at Oakbrae. We are sorry that she was unable to join our ranks.

**Florence Elliot** and **Lena Eidse** of the '23 class are teaching, but paid the city a short visit over Thanksgiving. The chicken was fine Lena, so were the olives, but we are sorry that you girls are not with us working for the coveted rabbit-skin.

**Miss Fleming**, former assistant dietitian, has returned to Ninette after a two weeks' sojourn at the College.

**Marjorie Wintemute** '25 has just completed a business course and has taken a position in her home city of Calgary.

**Miss Erma Jenkins** '23, assistant librarian last year, was a welcome visitor at the dance Saturday night.



**Misses Grace and Ruby Bowman** '26 are spending the winter at their home, Guernsey, Sask.

M.A.C. former students are making a name as reliable judges of stock. **Charlie Youil**, originally of the '11 class is judging this year important fairs in the States. **Walter Crawford** '11 judged the Aberdeen Angus cattle at Toronto this year. **Geo. Jones** judged horses at the state fair at Grand Forks.

**Miss Anna Kennedy** '20 after completing her post graduate work at Columbia University was appointed to the staff of the Manitoba School for the Deaf. In her work Miss Kennedy is associated with **Miss Alice Cuthbert**, another M.A.C. ex-student who has charge of the vocational work for Girls in the new school for the Deaf.

**Miss L. Ottinson** '26 paid us a short visit at the M.A.C. before leaving for the Western Coast where she expects to spend the winter.

**Mary Balfour** '25 surprised us with a visit stunt night.

Amongst the many visitors at the M.A.C. Stunt Night were:—**Evelyn Moore** '19, **Anne Kennedy** '20, **Merle Snider** '20 and **Alice Mattice** '20.

**Miss Hicks** '25 paid us a short visit at the College one evening.

**Alma Young** '25 is teaching at Sanford, but manages to pay us an occasional visit.

**H. Hicks** '15 was a recent visitor to the City and stayed over to see the long to be rememberer football game.

**W. F. Willett** '14 who farms and runs the Farmers' Co-operative Elevator at Paynton, Sask., was married last July. Congratulations "Pinkie."

**R. E. Heise** '19 spent a few days in Winnipeg last month. He disposed of a car of stock and took back a car of feeders.

**C. T. Dempsey** '22 returned recently to Winnipeg, where he expects to spend the winter.

**G. W. Weir** '20, who is an active U.F.M. worker spent a few days renewing acquaintances at the M.A.C. and also attended the Temperance Convention.

**G. S. Black** '20 was in Winnipeg recently on a business trip and renewed acquaintances at M.A.C.

**A. C. Heise** '18 who has been operating his farm at Isabella, has rejoined the Dominion Seed Branch, with headquarters at Winnipeg.

### BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Woods (nee Mona Dickson '24) a daughter.

Congratulations are sent from the '21 class to Mr. and Mrs. Trembath of Cartwright. The reason? A son.

### MARRIAGES

H. E. Hallwright was married July 28th last, and is now director and administrator of a college all his own, "Sunshine Lodge" college for young citizens in Victoria, B.C.

We hear that "Shorty" Shortreed has changed her name to Mrs. Gordon Taylor and is living at Birtle. Congratulations from the '24 class "Shorty."

Mr. P. Barton, a member of the '22 class paid the college a visit the other day. Mr. Barton married Miss Ida McNeill also of the '22 class. They are farming at Cullen, Sask.

### Sinclair—Hodgson

Violet M. Hodgson of '21 class was married to Mr. Chas. H. Sinclair, of Roland, Man., on Wednesday, November 15th. After a short honeymoon to St. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair will reside in Roland.



Miss Elizabeth E. Brown '26 was married at her home, Morden, Man. to Mr. J. T. Giebrecht of Myrtle, Man. Mr. and Mrs. Giebrecht are living on their farm at Myrtle.

### An Heroic Ballad

(Translated from the original Norman-French and annotated especially for the Managra by F. De la Force Brooke.)

The conflict ebbed fierce, close, and grim what time the snowy evening fell. No longer seemly dight and trim, the warriors heard the vesper bell. The captains twain were doughty knights of steady eye in weal or woe. Hoarse voices rang like carrion kites; as each band, turning, cheered the foe. Up spake the vanquished chieftain then, "The spoils of war are yours Sir Knight, since that thy strength and valiant men have borne us back in close-fought fight. Fear not to venture with thy squire within your gloomy stronghold's wall. Ye have our knightly word, Messire, that nought of hindrance shall befall." "Gramercy for thy courtesy," the victor quoth,—his chin was stern,—"Think not the fruits of victory shall tarnish waiting our return."

One sun's course slept he in his hold, then, looking forth across the snow he called his squire beloved and bold. "Make ready, Knave," quoth he, "We go." Fared forth

together then the twain, the wide and swarthy, fair and slim. One smiled mistrustless o'er the plain, one grimmer grew and still more grim. Boldly they stood before the keep and roundly knocked the gates upon, while from the flagstaff wide and deep flapped out the grisly gon-fanon\*. "Yon gloomy banner likes me not," the chieftain spake and looked above. His squire scarce moved him from the spot but swore strange oaths and chewed his glove. They enter in, up speaks the knight; dourly they bring his rivals targe\*\*. The squire meanwhile in grim delight smiles down upon them wide and large. "Seek we some cunning craftsman's hand to carve a charm upon our spoil. I would not have it that our band should spend in vain their wounds and toil. To Master Dingwall's shop hard by, take ye the shield without delay." Spake slim, —and raised the trophy high,— "Well, Dying Dora. I should say."

\*The holders of this castle were a clan renowned for brutality and called the Sawbones. Their armorial bearings were;—Sable, the frontal aspect of a skull grinnant over two femora, dexter and sinister, saltire-wise argent.\*

\*\*A small shield.

One couple we know in Hamiota claim to have been married seventy-three years, but it may just seem that long.

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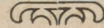
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### Co-ed Curling

The "roaring game" still has many enthusiastic supporters in the East Wing. Already twenty members have been secured and we are pleased to welcome back some of our former members! The girls are all impatiently waiting to try out the new rocks. With Wilson and "Mac" on the executive, we feel sure of another successful season.

### Hockey

Our girls have already settled down for business as regards their hockey team. So when you hear a banging of doors in the corridors about six o'clock in the morning you will know that the faithful eight are getting up for their exercises to keep in practice until the ice is ready.

We hope to have a fast team this year and to take part in some real snappy games.

### Girls' Athletics

Y.W.C.A. Girls vs. M.A.C. Girls

Friday evening, December 1st, at 9.15, the Y.W.C.A. basket ball team met our senior team in what proved to be a very fast game. Though our girls were by no means slow, they were unable to score heavily against the excellent team work and combination tactics of the "Y" players.

Both teams were well supported from the gallery, but our cheering failed to bring success to M.A.C.

The final score was 12-6 in favor of the visitors.

### M.A.C. Line up—

Centres — Aileen Fargey, Bert Rogers; Forwards — Sadie Robson, Mary Norquay; Defence — Annie Robson, Gerry Leaney; Sub.—Nellie Railton.

### Inter-Class Basketball

Are all ye bruised ones better by this time? We hope so, but after the inter-class basket ball series was over, many of the girls who took part were badly disabled for a while. Those who did not have a black bruise to show were out of it entirely.

Things have settled down again and so have the bumps, and now we are ready for baseball.

Fourth Year won the basketball series. Good work '24. Third year did well, but were unable to cope with the players of the '24 class. Cheer up third year, when in 1925 your rivals are "somewhere in the wide world" who knows what may happen.

The scores for the different games were as follows:

Fourth vs. First—17-11—Favor of fourth; Third vs. Fifth—13-1—Favor of third; Third vs. Second—13-7—Favor of third; Third vs. Fourth—21-8—Favor of fourth.

### Basketball

Agricultural 24—Engineers 26

The third game of senior inter-collegiate basket-ball was played in the Agricultural College gymnasium on December 4th.



The closeness of play will be seen by the score. It was a good game to win and a hard game to lose. The star of Agriculture was Skillings, who scored fourteen out of the twenty-four points. The players were Lyons, Rigby, Skillings, Guild, McEwen, and Day.

### **Agriculture and Medicals**

On Saturday afternoon, November 11th, on the Manitoba College grounds, Agriculture defeated the Medicals in a very important game of football by the score of three to two.

The field was very heavy owing to bad weather conditions, but the brand of soccer dished up was very good. The issue was decided only when the final bell rang.

Agriculture started the scoring when Fowler drove a pretty shot through the Meds goal. This was soon followed by another from McGowan in a general mix up in front of the goal. This ended the scoring for the first half. Aggies 2, Meds 0.

Early in the second half Laycup, on an individual play scored the third tally for Agriculture. The Meds followed with two goals in rapid succession but were unable to get any more.

It would be impossible to pick stars from the team as all did exceptionally well, but special mention might be made of Duff and Ollie who more than once saved the day.

### **The Lineup**

Thomson, Guild, Olson, Crawford, Breakey, McEwen, McKenzie, Laycup, McGowan, Wilson and Fowler.

### **Agriculture 3—Wesley 0**

On November 18th, Agriculture played Wesley on the former's grounds.

The play was not up to the standard of the previous week, owing no doubt to weakness of the opposition.

The game was one-sided all the way through and the Aggies were never in any real danger.

The score was started by Crawford who placed a neat kick which the Wesley goal-keeper failed to stop. This was the only score for the first half.

In the second half McGowan notched the next two goals. Duff on the defence played his usual star game.

The field was in an awful condition, rain having fallen in the forenoon, but the weather did not dampen the spirits of the Aggie rooters who cheered their men on to victory.

The players were: Thomson, Guild, Olson, Crawford, Breakey, McEwen, McKenzie, Laycup, McGowan, Wilson, and Fowler.

### **Agriculture 1—Engineers 0**

The final game of intercollegiate football was eagerly looked forward to by all who followed College soccer.

The papers were of the opinion that if the field was heavy, the Aggies would win, but if it was in good shape that they would be completely outclassed by the speedy young Engineers. It was therefore with a determination, not only to bring the trophy home, but to settle their score with the newspapers that the Aggies entered the field.

The weather was excellent and large crowds were there to encourage their respective teams.

The playing was featured by close and heavy checking. There was little spectacular playing indulged in by either side, but the Aggies had what little there was to offer.

The first period was scoreless, and the rooters were keyed up to a high pitch. The second period was almost half over when McGowan drove in the only goal of the game. The Engineers fought back with dogged



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persistence but were unable to score against the sturdy stalwarts of Agriculture. Once again we have won the senior intercollegiate football championship and all honor to the men who have been the means of bringing this about, they are, Thomson, Guild, Olson, Crawford, Breakey, McEwen, McKenzie, Laycup, McGowan, Wilson, and Fowler.

#### A Burly Farmer, Maybe

The footballer was helped to his feet amid the cheers of the crowd. He looked dazed, but managed to ask: "Who kicked me?"

"It's all right," cheerily said the captain, "It's a foul."

"A fowl, indeed," echoed the injured one, "I thought it was a mule."

#### At Christmas

Some people have a good time, others have Exams. thrust upon them.

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### Highbrow!

Miss H-l-s (as McGowan passes table)—“Who is that Semi-bald boy going out?”

“Why so serious, Jack?”

“Oh, I just suddenly thought——”

“—Yes I thought I heard something rattle.”

### Xmas

R.—“Do you like my scheme of decorating holly leaves over laurel?”

A.—“Yeah—but I'd rather see mistletoe over yew.”

M.—“What do you like most about her?”

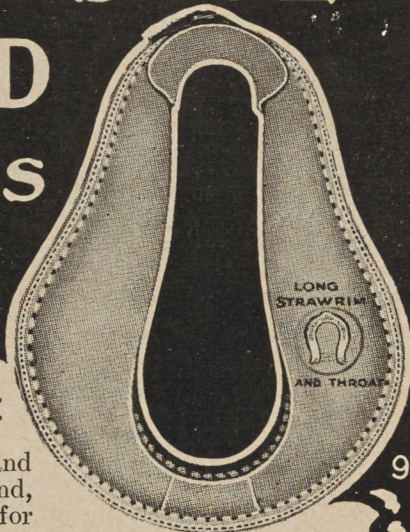
H.—“My arms.”

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### Stunt Night!

"Oh Deah! what do you think you'll be doing thirteen years hence? I do hope we can all get together again. Wasn't it simply adorable of Miss Stevens and Miss Robson to show us the styles? But to think Mr. Thexton would have ever really come to that! 'Oh well, all's well that ends well.' And Prof. and Mrs. Sproule! Do you suppose they ever really looked like that? Honestly, weren't all those pictures just too killing for words?"

"But, Darling, after laughing yourself positively sick, didn't you just adore those gypsy scenes? I just needed to shut my eyes and I thought I was at 'Il Trovatore.'"

"Oh, I didn't think it was as bad as all that, but the harmony was sweet and the stage simply too cute for words."

"Oh, say! do you suppose that one soda biscuit, will last a whole season of court. But, really, Deah-est, that whole court scene was really too deep for me. I always said that court was horribly dry and stupid."

"But, Darling, all courts aren't as clever at repartee as third year. I just tho't I would die laughing at them! Weren't they simply a scream! But what did you think of the idea of all the profs. singing their lectures?"

"Candidly, Deah, I think I should have signed the petition to go back to the regular way. But, tell me honestly, don't you believe Prof. Savage

can draw better than that? Or is that the way a horse really looks?"

"Oh, I think that must have been a pure-bred. But what was the idea of the girl, Miss South, wheeled in—that was a girl wasn't it?"

"Why, you ninny, that was a Greek statue—Venus de Me dusa—Oh I mean Venus de Milo—or something like that."

"But that photograph—wasn't he a scream! And talk about misplaced eyebrows — wasn't that perfectly adorable!"

"Oh, stunning! Say, you know that tall fellow—Slim Thompson—I wonder how he makes his knees go like that! I'm positive it can't be natural! Didn't you just adore him? And that bridal couple! Really, you know, I just nearly died laughing at that whole second year stunt."

"The Engineers, too, was screamingly funny! I only wish I knew more about Fords—what did they mean when he said he tho't it was shorting in the transmission?"

"Oh, I don't know—but don't you just wish it was next year, so we could have another stunt. Oh, it was wondah-ful!"

### Student's Dance, Nov. 11th

Armistice night was very fittingly celebrated at M.A.C. by a dance in the Auditorium which commenced at 8.15 and continued until 11.30.

Great credit is due the different committees for the evening's program, and the tasteful way in which



the patriotic decorations were arranged. Red, white and blue hangings with clusters of balloons for stars and a jolly old moon with a red face who obligingly winked during his special waltz; a pretty booth where punch was served to a joyful crowd bent on celebrating the day's football victory, (soft drinks only); and last, but certainly not least, the general thanksgiving spirit which still prevails on the anniversary of the "Cessation of Hostilities," all proved an irresistible dispeller of gloom. The first student dance of the season was voted an unqualified success which was expressed in the form of a very hearty Boom Chicka, and which prepared our lungs to give the three ringing cheers for our football heroes.

### Oxford Debating

Wednesday, November 15th, saw the inauguration of the Oxford Union System of debating at the M.A.C. when the Wheat Board was subjected to a searching and critical examination by representatives from Varsity Arts and Agriculture. All that impassioned oratory, logical argument, statistical proof and satirical comment could do to accomplish the passage or the blocking of the "Bill" through the house was done with a determination and apparent sincerity that would have passed readily enough had the discussion occurred actually in the Legislature.

Messrs. Brown and Townsend, for Agriculture, mover and seconder respectively of the motion to re-establish the Wheat Board as in 1919, handling in detail all the intricacies of this complex question, indicated in no uncertain manner the cause and effect of the annual fall rush of wheat to the market, produced evidence and information regarding the costs of financing the Board, the

compulsory aspect attaching to its operation,—these, and in fact all phases were ably presented.

Opposing the motion, Messrs. McLeod and McLean intimated that there was no difference in the object sought by the opposing debaters, namely, the improvement of conditions for the agriculturist but rather in the means by which that end was to be obtained. There followed a presentation of argument, a clarity of diction and an array of elaborate charts that must have convinced the members that Varsity arts debaters had a complete grasp of every argument that could be advanced against the motion.

Questioning and discussion by the members was followed by the voting and the result was 33-31 in favor of the motion.

The Oxford Union system of Debating is new to us. It comes with an enviable reputation from the Old Country at a time when interest in it is probably at its highest. Recently an Old Country University debating team visited the Eastern States. To criticise it on the first trial, under adverse conditions would be unfair, but it was pretty generally conceded that the main speeches were long and that interest lagged during the discussion by the various members, many of whom appeared to be only moderately acquainted with the subject in hand.

College spirit and prejudice will be overcome when a team is composed of one man from each college. This is as it should be. It is human nature to back your own men, and the change from the old system under which "Aggies" have had such success in the past is still too close to us to allow of our getting into the swing of the new order, particularly when that "order" was a straight alignment of college against college. We can scarcely approve or condemn



the Oxford Union system of debating until it has had a fair trial, under proper conditions. —J.D.G. '24.

### '26 Year Party

Masquerade was the order of the night, and the Cabbage Patch the scene of revel. Quaint costumes and merry faces into which were stuffed many platters-full of dainty "Dips" fed chickens, produced results most beneficial and satisfactory. Toasts to the ladies and a beautiful reply by "Ella" opened the post prandial festivities, which took the form of dance, recitation, debate, and song, until the hands of the old grandfathers clock warned us of the approaching car. Could anyone within a mile of us doubt our fulness of heart after that last Rickety Huss!

### Debate

A debate between 3rd and 4th year agriculture opened the 1922-3 interclass debating season. The subject was Party Government vs. Group Government. The affirmative was argued by Messrs. Moorhead and Olson representing 4th year, while the speakers for the negative were Messrs. Day and McPhail of 3rd year. The speakers on both sides are to be complimented on the able manner in which they presented their subject. The negative brought out some excellent points in favor of Group Government, but these did not prove quite strong enough to combat the arguments in favor of the old Party System. —I.L.K. '25.

### Thanksgiving

On Monday evening everyone assembled in the boys' gymnasium dressed in their gym togs. A game of indoor baseball, between mixed teams, was the centre of attraction for the first part of the evening. Then under the able supervision of Mr. Youmans, group games were en-

joyed by all, after which we adjourned to the Girls' Reception room, where a short, very enjoyable programme was put on. A short sketch entitled "The Country Belle," was aptly portrayed by members of the West Wing. Dainty refreshments, served by the social committee, brought the successful evening to a close. —I.A. '26.

### Conference of the Manitoba Agronomists, Animal Husbandrymen, Horticulturists and Poultrymen

A conference of Agricultural representatives was held at the M.A.C. commencing November 14th to 17th. The purpose of the conference was to bring together the investigators and instructors in agricultural science for the purpose of co-ordinating their work and attacking in a scientific manner the problems confronting the farmers of the province.

The programme was divided into four sessions — Agronomy, Animal Husbandry, Horticulture and Poultry.

The opening session was devoted to agronomy; with an address by Miss Cora E. Hind, outlining the quality of the grain required by the Old Country miller.

A report on the definite seed policy for Manitoba led to the conclusion, as regards varieties, that in the development of new strains and the testing out of varieties, more co-operation of the M.A.C. and Experimental Farms should exist. By keeping in closer contact, the recommendation of varieties for the public, as far as possible, would be such information as agreed by the M.A.C. and the Experimental Farms.

The registration or certification of new varieties or pure lines be such as suitable for general contribution.

The distribution of seed of pure lines be only of pure seed, distributed by Government Institution; be sent



to persons—such as members of the C.S.G.A., members of seed centres and M.A.C. alumni, who can be relied upon to care for it properly.

It was also recommended that growers making application for inspection of their fields should do so both to the secretary of the C.S.G.A. and the Extension Service.

The day devoted to animal husbandry was outlined carefully by numerous speakers. The address on "Livestock policy for the average Manitoba grain farm" was followed by a discussion by representatives of the Shorthorn Breeders' Association, the Aberdeen Angus Association and also the Dairy Commissioner's report.

The question of marketing led to the general approval that the great weakness of our livestock marketing system is our failure to connect with our logical market. The livestock producers can get this connection only through co-operative abattoirs and cold storage plants.

It was also resolved that the marketing agencies were more detrimental than beneficial to producers and this practice of selling should not be encouraged.

The conference of horticulture agreed in adopting the resolution, that more emphasis should be given to encourage tree planting for wind break purposes in the open portion of Manitoba.

The growing of Caragana Aborescens was particularly recommended

because of its ability to withstand drought and also on account of its hardiness. Tree planting in many low spots on Manitoba farms should be carried out more extensively, for the production of wood or fence post material — prominently including Willow, Balm of Gilead and Green Ash.

A larger number of white spruce and Scotch pine planted about the buildings is another factor that should be given more attention.

In the growing of fruit, particular stress was laid on growing only the hardiest of varieties to ensure best results. The distribution of leaflets, circulars and bulletins giving variety lists and cultural instructions will be continued, to assist fruit growers in the different localities throughout the province.

The conference was brought to a conclusion by the poultry session, which dwelt mostly on experimental work, and results obtained from egg laying contests.

It was intimated that Manitoba was not as progressive in the egg laying contests as some of the other provinces, due perhaps to climatic conditions.

The selecting and breeding of heavy egg production birds was briefly outlined, showing the necessity of laying more stress on rearing of high production birds.

—J.W.A. '25.

### Girls—A Tip

Philosopher.—"You can reach a man's heart through his stomach."

Pugilist.—"Yes, that's the place to hit to take the heart out of him."

### Noise or Agitation

The smallest twigs on the family tree generally do the most rustling.

Ed.—That's why I have to rustle.

### Strictly Amateur

Plut.—To prospective son-in-law  
—"Is it my daughter you want or is it her money?"

Suit.—"Sir, I'm an amateur athlete."

Plut.—"What has that to do with it?"

Suit.—"It debars me from taking part in any event for money."



# EXCHANGES



It is probable that few forms of disillusionment are more general than that of the undergrad who fails to find himself the rapidly filling vessel of infallible lore which he pictured in his callow dreams, or the graduate who realizes that he is not the example of technical omniscience which the long labour ahead seemed once to promise.

This problem is full dealt with in the November issue of the *McMaster Monthly*, from which we would like to cull much more than our space permits. Many of the greatest advantages open to the college man or woman are unnoticed or passed by far too often.

"For the college man there are the legacies of the Past, the privileges of the Present, and the promises, possibilities, and achievements of the Future. There are many other ways, and all essential whereby he may possess them other than in the classroom and through study. The campus, socials, reading rooms, libraries, literary societies, oratorical contests, debating clubs, Parliaments in session, public lectures and assemblies, concert halls, art galleries and museums. All these help to mould his character, to influence his personality, to make him on his own initiative the recipient of all that education has for him, and to make him able to achieve and enjoy all things."

"Many immediate and lasting benefits accrue from athletics." It is unnecessary to refer more to this

department in an M.A.C. publication.

"The science and mastery of conversation is of inestimable value to the college man."

"Books, in which are gathered the treasures of the past, the ideas and discoveries of the Present, and the anticipations and prophecies of the Future, were the dynamic force which influenced their lives. Would it be well for the college man to neglect them in the face of the fact that they have more or less directed and shaped the careers and destinies of practically every man of note."

"Books are his most valuable tools. Whenever he needs information they are at hand to help him."

"The college man trained as a debater, public speaker, and orator is necessary in the complex group and social life of today and the future."

"It is manifest that instruction and learning are only part of a college man's education. When it is known that he had gained a cultural consciousness by his own initiative and associations, it may be said that he has an education in the fullest and noblest sense."

It is unnecessary to labour any of the points set forth by the writer of the article. Suffice it to say that all the opportunities referred to, with the possible exception of an art gallery, are found within easy reach of M.A.C. The issue lies with yourselves, and the men or women who feel dissatisfied with college advan-



tages are passing a severe indictment upon themselves.

Without specific reference to the above mentioned class of students we offer the following from Queen's Journal:

### **Thank God for Fools!**

By Ted Olson.

Thank God for fools—for men who dare to dream

Beyond the lean horizon of their days;

Men not too timid to pursue the gleam

To unguessed lands of wonder and amaze.

Thank God for fools! The trails that ring the world

Are dark with blood and sweat where they have passed.

Theirs are the flags on every crag unfurled;

Theirs—ashes and oblivion at last. Not of the tame and torpid breed who bide

Before the embers of a waning fire. They flung the dear security aside;

They dared the dark, the solitude, the mire.

Blundering, fumbling up the frowning years;

Stumbling through deeps too foul for moon or star;

Hearing — and heeding not — the scoffs, the jeers;

Falling at last while yet the goal was far.

Poor ragamuffin heroes, doomed to fail,

And leave their bones beneath ironic skies,

They never knew their wanderings blazed the trail,

Their blunders taught their wisdom to the wise!

Thank God for fools—absurd and blind and great.

We rear our temples on the stones they laid.

Ours is the prize their tired souls might not wait;

Theirs—the high requiem of the unafraid!

This from the Gateway: "Every student should know that we have such a thing as a library and should use it regularly. And begin right away, not wait until the examinations are so near that you can see the whites of their eyes."

From the Cornell Widow: "College is a place to which the average youth goes in order to suppress his intellect. If the suppression is successful for four years the victim is sure to react in middle age and go on a wild orgy of golf or back to a Little Theatre movement. The first thing he learns on entering college is respect for the members of the football squad. He leaves still believing that the captain is a greater man than the professor who evolved a new scientific theory."

If, from the above excerpts, you can compile a consistent code of rules you will be a success anywhere and college can do no more for you.

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First year Co-ed—"You dance like a poem."

Freshman (in raptures)—"Oh, do I?"

Co-ed—"Yes, just like one of Mr. West's poems—where the feet get all mixed up."

### Aye! Aye!

Advice to Co-eds—If you don't know what's coming around the corner, just take a look before you both get there, and see if the fiancée is waiting there to meet him.

Bowman—"Can you tell me where I will find Miss Groff?"

Langley—"In her room 212"

Bowman—"Farenheit?"

### Table Talk

Speers—"I saw a great picture show last night."

"Yes? What was it?"

Speers (his eyes roving again)—

"'To Have and To Hold'—en',—gee' she's great."

### A Good Guess

Duff (pointing to plant on table)—  
—"See all the stolons coming up!"

Brad—"Well anything you recognize would be stolen, I guess."

Duff—"Oh, I know another grass besides stolonifera."

McE—"Compressa?"

### Correct This Sentence

I have no difficulty whatever in keeping awake in classes.

### Cain

Now we have a clever student  
Who is acting far from Prudent,  
In affecting prudish hauteur that is plain.

When at any student function  
He appears with no compunction  
Accompanied by a knobby little cane.  
But this chap is not rheumatic,  
So produces mirth emphatic,  
When with all the other members of the train.

He will show up on the Campus  
With that air of "Oh please lamp us,"

And our lovely little, knobby little cane.

Now for spats there is a reason,  
And to wear them is no treason  
If you do so with an attitude not vain;

But by golly its a blunder  
If they can't be kept asunder  
From a knobby little, crooked little cane.

So the judgment of a quorum,  
On such matters of decorum  
Would relieve us of a great amount of pain,

For it grieves our modest senses  
To behold such false pretenses  
As the gracing of spats, monocle or cane.

### Famous Moves

Table changes.

Checkers, give one, take three.

Your——.

To Adjourn.

Foxtrot.

T.N.T.

Closer.



**Beats H2 O2**

She—"Is it true that champagne will bleach people's hair?"

He—"Rather, I've seen lots of people made light headed with it."

**This is Old, But—**

Whatever trouble Adam had,

In those long days of yore,

No man could say, when told a joke—

I've heard that one before.

**Elementary Science!**

The person who said that there is no such thing as perpetual motion hasn't seen Element chewing gum!


**News Item**

Speaking of jokes—Fourth year won the interclass football series.

In spite of any argument to the contrary, Miss H-l-s, fission is not fishin'.

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He brought his coat over to his sister to have a button sewn on, and later called again to take the coat home.

"Did you sew the button on, Euphemia?"

"Oh, I lost the button, but it's all right, Jack; I've sewn up the button-hole."

"I dreamed that I died last night."

"What woke you up?"

"The heat."

**Sh-Sh—Why the Tears!**

This team called the fast Engineers  
Had a wheel taken out of their gears:  
When the Agg's on the field,  
Copped the old soccer shield,  
And left the mechanics in tears.

He—"My, but you have a tiny little waist."

She—"Yes, there's no getting around that."



### Right First Time

Prof.—“What three words are used most among college students?”

Stud.—“I don't know.”

Prof.—“Correct.”

### Evolution!

The elephant was a graceful bird  
It hopped from bough to bough,  
It built its nest in cabbage trees  
And whistled like a cow.

### Ting a Ling a Ling

First Co-ed—“And has he proposed to you yet?”

Second Co-ed—“Not yet, But oh, last night—his voice had such an engagement ring in it.”

### Wonder Where He Parks it at Night

“And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small mouth could handle such a chew.”

### Cheer Up! Mother Loves You

And now we see some of the girls wearing a badge with “Suppose Nobody Cares” on it.

She—“O Algy, you English are so slow.”

He—“I'm afraid I don't grasp you.”

She—“That's just it.”

She—“A few words mumbled by the minister and people are married.”

He—“Yes, and a few words by a sleeping husband and people are divorced.”

### Not Ripe Yet!

Miss R-b-s-n (at breakfast)—“I wonder why the eggs are so small!”

Miss M-r-s-n—“Easily explained, they were taken from the nest too soon.”



### 'atta Buoy

Heard after the big game

Math.-Prof.—“Miss Scuttum, will you please lay off that line?”

Co-ed—“I wasn't talking to any one sir.”

Mrs. Cohen—“Dis life guard saved your life, Cohen—shall I give him a dollar?”

Mr. Cohen—“I vas half deadt ven he pulled me out—Giff him fifty cents.”—Puck.

### “Light” Wit!

Why not economize on electricity during dances!—have them all moonlight ones.

### Right! Dear

Freshette—“Are these training tables, where they train a person to eat properly before sitting at mixed tables?”

We have many aspiring statesmen: instance the number of young men right here who are interested in affairs of the Near East.

Ed. Be careful boys, just remember what happened to Lloyd George when he became involved.

### Leap Year? or “Will He?”

Alma—(after being nominated for a Literary committee), “Oh, Mr. Hansen, please change my name.”



### Good Practice

Kirk—"Say, Sweetheart, hand me that towel."

Skilley—"All right, my love."

Kirk—"Thanks, Dearest."

Skilley—"You're welcome, Cut-est."

Kirk—"All right, you know more adjectives than I do now."

Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.

### An H. Ec. Quiz.

It was at the Faculty Reception. A freshman had just been introduced to a freshetto, and after a brief and awkward silence he ventured:

You are from the States, I understand?"

"Yes, from Indiana," she replied. "Hoosier Girl."

He started, and flushed deeply, "Why,—er,—really," he stammered, "I—I don't know,—that is, haven't decided yet."

Kirk—"I'm terribly behind in my studies; I can't go to sleep at night for thinking of them."

Dirk—"You're lucky that it doesn't affect you in classes that way."

**"Free Verse"—Otherwise we'd have returned it:**

"I leave you forever said Artemus Phipps—

He loved her, that wasn't the question—

The red stuff she smeared on her kissable lips

Gave Phippsy acute indigestion.

### How Indeed!

Prof. Jameson (lecturing in practical dairying)—"Upon starting the churn let the wind out frequently."

West—"How does the wind get into the churn?"

Strat (at breakfast table)—"What are you folks talking about?"

Mr. Parker—"I was just telling Miss Young a few things she didn't know."

Strat—"Oh, don't start that, or we'll be here all day."

### Excerpts from Fourth Year English Class

Dante was a poet who wrote "Paradise Lost," and never got paid for it.

Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa—Olympus married Pelion and they had one offspring whom they called Ossa.

There was a fair maid from Cologne  
Who had a style all Herogne,  
Wore long skirts and curls,  
No rouge, powder, pearls,  
But she stays entirely Alogne.

—Yale.

Phyllis—"This course puts a lot of the most foolish ideas into a girl's head."

Laura—"How is that?"

Phyllis—"Nothing practical. Just listen to this: Eleanor walked alone in the garden."

He—"Do you think you could ever learn to love me?"

She—"I don't know, but go on with the course of instruction."

The night was cold and so was she,

As they strolled in the park.

They sat down on a wooden bench,

And threw pebbles at the dark.

"When I see all these rocks," says she,

(And it steadily grew colder)

"And stones and things, I only wish

You were a little boulder."

### A Full Stop Due

Prof. H.-P.-M.—To first year girls.  
—"There should be a period and not a dash after man."



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2 lovers sat beneath the shade,  
 And 1 un 2 the other said!  
 "How 14-8 that you, be 9.  
 Have smiled upon this suit of mine.  
 If 5 a heart, it Palpit 8's 4 you,  
 Thy voice is mu-6 melody,  
 Its 7-2 be thy beloved 1-2,  
 So O-Y nymph, will you marry me?"  
 Then lisped she softly! "Why 13ly."

**The Vicious Circle**

Rags make paper  
 Paper makes money  
 Money makes banks  
 Banks make loans  
 Loans make poverty  
 Poverty makes rags.

**Oh Ma**

An old farmer from Ala,  
 Hit his wife on the head with a ha.  
 When they questioned him why  
 He replied with a sy——  
 She drank all my liker up Da!

**Too Formal Maybe!**

Some of the boys are complaining  
 that their voice is stiff after singing  
 lesson.

**Fools**

"There are fools of pretension, and  
 fools of pretense,  
 Fools that can't understand even  
 other folks sense.  
 There are high finished boobies from  
 every great school,  
 And many worse fools in the world  
 than 'Tom Fool'."

**Christmas Neckties**

We all know them—those knitted  
 neckties, worked in crude colors by  
 loving hands, and presented to us on  
 Christmas morning. A small boy  
 once said to his father:

"Papa, why does Santa Claus wear  
 a beard?"

Because he has so many Christmas  
 neckties," was the reply.

—London Opinion.

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Our college is ever bringing new talent forth into the lime-light, and this year we beg to introduce, with many deep bows and rose-strewn paths, our latest laurel-bearer. The Freshmen have the honor to claim him as a brother, and we (ed. note) claim the supreme honor of all, printing this 'pome' in the original form. Ladies and Gentlemen, allow us to present:—

### The Evolution of a Clammy Feeling

It was just a little present,  
From a Co-ed to a boy;  
Very dainty little morsel  
All wrapped up in fun and joy.

You could never guess the contents  
If you tried a thousand years,  
So I'll tell you all the story  
In a few words mixed with tears.

Now this dainty little tit-bit  
That was wrapped in paper brown,  
Has a simple sort of shellfish  
Found near the river in the ground.

But it bore a deeper meaning  
Than it should have had to me;  
And for hours I have been hoping  
That false my thoughts must be.

There's a subtle insinuation  
Concealed in that little fish,  
And if you have imagination  
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**Jan. 22**—**Short Course for Farmers**—7 days.

1st day—Factors which make Grain Production unprofitable and other subjects relating to grain growing.

2nd day—Live Stock Judging classes and lectures on feeding.

3rd day—Farm Dairying.

4th day—Poultry—How to get winter eggs. Poultry Houses. Killing and plucking chickens for market.

5th day—Fruit Growing in Manitoba.  
Windbreaks and shelter belts.  
Judging potatoes and other vegetables.

6th day—Engineering—The Gas Engine—Automobile.

7th day—Farm Economics.

Residence accommodation at the College will be reserved in the order of applications for above courses. Apply Early.

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**C. H. LEE,**  
Acting President.

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